

## CHARIVARIA.

It is said that there are now twenty-four candidates for the throne of Albania, and it is proposed shortly to hold a Review of them.

A recruit named LESPAGNOL, weighing eighteen stone, and over seven feet in height, has been enrolled at Tours, and a further increase in the German army may become necessary.

The 2nd Battalion of the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry has been camping on the playing fields of Eton. Someone has evidently just remembered that it was there that the Battle of Waterloo was won.

The interest taken in today's royal marriage is so great that it is thought that it may become necessary to restrict the number of reporters who wish to accompany the royal couple on their honeymoon to one hundred.

It is not surprising that Mr. CHESTERTON should always be ready to scoff at Eugenics. Mr. CHESTERTON, we understand, was born under the old-fashioned conditions and brought up in the old-fashioned way, and yet he has developed into one of the finest children in the country.

The road to advancement! Signalman KERRY, who was dismissed by the Great Eastern Railway Company after the Cromer express collision at Colchester, has been adopted as a Labour candidate for the Colchester Town Council.

Attention has been drawn to the exceptionally large number of marriages which, according to recent announcements, will not take place. It would be well if people recognised at an earlier stage that the great danger of engagements is that they may lead to matrimony.

It is rumoured that Miss MARIE LLOYD's language, when pointing out to the immigration authorities at New York that she was a lady, was exceedingly interesting.

A theatrical forecast has come true.

"Is *The Laughing Husband* likely to pay?" asked an investor before its production. "There's POUNDS in it," came the answer.

The author of *Mary Goes First* has been getting into trouble because the name Whichello, which occurs in the play is in actual use off the stage. In spite of this the author of the new play at the Strand Theatre pluckily persists in calling his comedy *The Joneses*.

The musical play, *Are You There?*

nounced at one of our cinematograph theatres. Positively *The Last Days*. Hurry up!

"Saints have a bad record as statesmen," says Dean HENSON. This is evidently realised by some of our politicians, who are palpably steering clear of the danger.

A new Insect House was opened at the Zoo last week. A visit to the Monkey House, however, proves that not all the insects have yet been segregated.



MODES FOR MEN.

From a weekly *causerie* by "A Bath Club Chap" we gather that ladies are not alone in being catered for in the matter of "Tango" wear. All the smart men's tailors are busy evolving creations suitable for the ball-room. No better could be approached than W. E. Spiffin, of Conduit Street, whose "Tango" suits (ten guineas, with extra waistcoat in white, cream or mole) are a joy to the modern dancing-man.

which will shortly make its appearance at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, will, we are told, consist in part of a satire on the London telephone system. If the General Post Office possesses an ounce of spirit there will, we should say, be some little difficulty in booking seats by telephone.

In the first number of *The Thespian*, Mr. F. R. BENSON urges upon actors the importance of athletics. We believe it to be a fact that, owing to their neglect of athletics, many of our leading actors are prevented from performing on the staircases now in vogue, and are consequently faced by ruin.

*The Last Days of Pompeii* is an-

## THE BADGER.

LAST of the night's quaint clan  
He goes his way—  
A simple gentleman  
In sober grey;  
To match lone paths of his  
In woodlands dim,  
The moons of centuries  
Have silvered him.

Deep in the damp, fresh earth  
He roots and rolls,  
And builds his winter girth  
Of sylvan tolls:  
When seek the husbandmen  
The furrow brown,  
He hies him to his den  
And lays him down.

There may he rest for me,  
Nor ever stir  
For clamorous obloquy  
Of terrier;  
Last of the night's quaint clan  
He curls in peace—  
A friendly gentleman  
In grey pelisse!

## "Serpent, I say!"

"If we were to take Mr. McKenna's speech as representing the considered resolve of his colleagues we should be obliged to conclude that the Government are marching 'à plat ventre' to civil war."—*The Globe*.

Our sportive contemporary must not say these hard things of the Government, or the worm may turn.

"The two suffragists who are to be charged at next High Court in Glasgow with having purposed setting fire to a house in the West End refused to plead at the preliminary diet."—*Scotsman*.

Another hunger-strike.

"Responsions. Mr. Maclure, M.A., Author of Greek Accents, prepares exclusively for above."—*Advt. in "Morning Post."*

A committee of public school boys is to meet without delay to decide upon the fate of the self-confessed inventor of these horrors.

## HOW THE LIBERALS GOT THERE.

["Liberalism has been successful because in all its quarrels it tries patiently to understand and make allowances for the sincere point of view of the other side."—Mr. Winston Churchill's speech at Dundee.]

MEN of the City of Marmalade,  
Stern by nature and sweet by trade,  
Every morning you hear new tales  
How Victory sits on the Party's sails;  
Has it ever occurred to you to guess  
What is the secret of our success?

Here are the facts: we have always tried  
To get at the sense of the other side;  
We have made allowances all along  
For what is sincere, though plainly wrong;  
Ever we say, as we fight like hell,  
"They don't know better, but may mean well!"

A typical case. My old friend GEORGE,  
When he went, all out, for the ducal gorge—  
What was the burning thought that lay  
At the back of his head down Limehouse way?  
He was taking the landlord's point of view;  
He was making allowance for blood that's blue.

So with his great Insurance Act,  
Marked by the most amazing tact.  
Counsel he took with the Tory camp  
On the vital question of licking the stamp,  
And constantly racked his fertile brains  
To appease the Unionist Mary Janes.

Similar care we have freely spent  
In the matter of Disestablishment.  
Before we fully arranged to wrest  
To secular use the Church's chest,  
We took incredible pains to find  
Whether the Clergy would really mind.

The Chamber of Peers is another case  
Where we sought to save the enemy's face.  
We might have prescribed a deadly cure  
For the scandal of primogeniture;  
But we simply suspended its doom in air  
By a brief Preamble—and left it there.

So it has been with the Home Rule Bill:  
We have patiently sought, and are seeking still,  
Though Ulster's wrongs are the merest myth,  
To make allowance for F. E. SMITH,  
And pleaded for grace (from yonder skies)  
To see the picture with CARSON'S eyes.

Enough! To assume a kindly tone  
With those who honestly err; to own  
That even a Tory's heart may be  
Just possibly human—there you see  
The methods that made us what we are,  
And how we have climbed so fast and far.

So now I have told you all about  
A thing you'd never have guessed without;  
It's my own idea, and I don't suppose  
That anyone else in the Party knows;  
Certainly ASQUITH hasn't yet  
Mentioned it to the Cabinet.

O. S.

"WANTED—A Eurasian or Baboo who thoroughly understands the working of an Auto-knitter. Will pay one anna per pair." Eurasians are cheap to-day.

## MRS. BAXTER.

"Francesca," I said, "you look weary."  
"And so would you or anybody else," she said, "if you had to endure all these worries."

"Worries," I said, "are sent to us for our good. If life were always placid——"

"I should like it much better; but it never is."

"No, it is never *always* placid; but it is occasionally sometimes placid, and——"

"You are getting mixed," she said; "men ought never to get mixed."

"Oh, do you think so?" I said. "Don't you feel that a little mixing now and then adds a spice of unexpected variety to conversation—something better than the plain No and the solid Yes? The man who never got mixed never got anything."

"Anyhow," she said, "it won't help us just now."

"Is this," I asked, "one of those moments in which strong practical commonsense could be of any help?"

"It might be," she said; "but where am I to find it?"

"Or what do you say to the sympathy of a good man? Not an obtrusive fussy sympathy, you know, but a quiet soothing sympathy not so much expressed in words as—— You know the sort I mean; you have often experienced it, haven't you?"

"Do you," she said, "mean the sympathy that smokes a pipe and sits in an armchair reading *The Times* while I'm busy about the house?"

"And why not?" I said. "Besides, you know perfectly well that I have offered to do your work over and over again."

"I should like to see you dare," she said.

"Francesca, I feel absolutely reckless. I am off this very moment to order dinner. Fish, meat and groceries shall all yield their mysteries to me. I could interview a thousand cooks and never flinch. I——"

"You'll find it difficult enough to interview one," she said.

"One!" I cried enthusiastically. "In my hands she will be as clay to the potter. I shall mould her to my special taste in *entrées* and savouries. Oh, Francesca, what dinners we shall have!" I half rose from my chair and prepared to make a dash for the kitchen. She checked me with an imperious wave of her hand and I fell back again.

"It's no good," she said. "You would not find her in a humour to receive you."

"Oh, but I should soon get her into a receiving humour. We should become great friends. There would be no orders. I should make a few tactful suggestions. I should say, 'Mrs. —— By the way, what is her eminent name?'"

"Baxter."

"Thank you. I should say, 'Mrs. Baxter, how does a sweet omelette strike you?' or 'Mrs. Baxter, what are your views on cutlets à la Soubise?' and then I should tell her who Soubise was and why the cutlets were called after him, and she would be deeply interested, and the whole thing would go off splendidly. Do let me try."

"I tell you," she repeated, "it's no good. She has just told me she wants to go at the end of her month."

"WHAT!!" I said convulsively.

"Shouting," said Francesca, "won't alter it."

"Another dream shattered," I said. "Who wouldn't shout at the disappearance of so fair a vision? Why, oh why must she go?"

"I said something about butter, and she seemed to resent it."

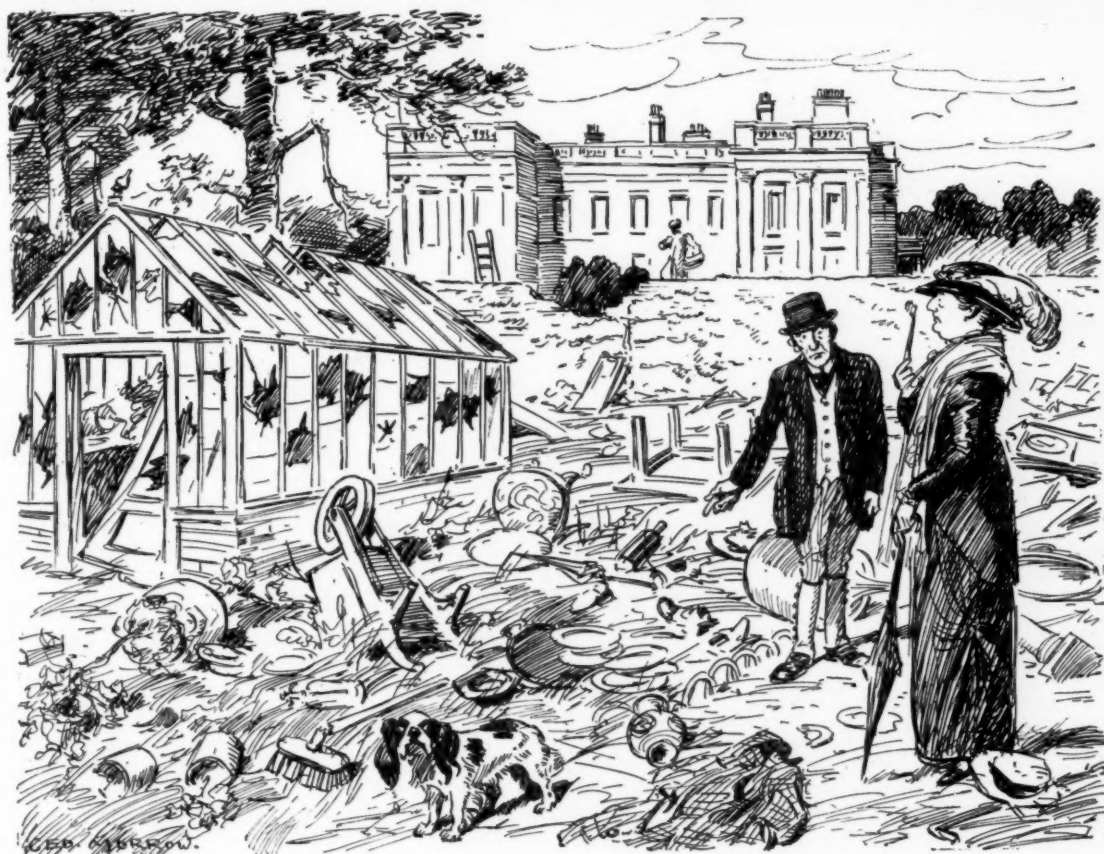
"But you are ready to apologise for your buttery imputations—I know you are. Surely genius must not be hampered by hard words about such a thing as butter. Let her have tons of butter."



THE IDEAL HOME (RULE) EXHIBITION.







Bailiff. "OH NO, YOUR LADYSHIP, I DON'T MIND THE BATTLE PICTURES—THEY DON'T DO MUCH DAMAGE, BUT IT'S THESE COMIC ONES THAT MESS THE PLACE UP THE WAY YOU SEE IT."

["Several owners of large estates are allowing the use of their grounds for the production of cinema pictures."]

"You'd be the first to resent having to pay for it."

"Not I," I said. "Think of her vegetables."

"I admit," said Francesca, "that her vegetables are good."

"And her soup," I continued. "Have you ever tasted better?"

"Her soup is excellent, but——"

"There must be no 'buts,'" I said. "We cannot let such vegetables and such soup leave us for ever without a struggle. Did you try to persuade her?"

"Well, I didn't fall on my knees, you know. You wouldn't have liked me to do that."

"Oh yes, I should," I said. "Surely it was the one thing to do. Your high spirit and your pride are admirable qualities, Francesca, but I have noticed, with regret, that they sometimes lead you astray. They make you do things you are afterwards sorry for."

"Well, this time, you see, I did nothing. I just said, 'Oh, very well,' and asked her what she had to complain of."

"Then I suppose she broke into tears and you mocked at her grief?"

"Not a bit of it. She went off into a long rigmarole, and, amongst other things, she complained very much of you."

"Of me?" I said. "Impossible."

"Yes, of you. She said Mr. Carlyon didn't seem to fancy her way of cooking, and sometimes the dishes wasn't

more than tasted, and sukkastic messages come out of the dining-room, and that led to disagreeable back-talk from the other servants. Altogether, she didn't seem to approve of you."

"You ought not to have listened to her, Francesca," I said.

"I couldn't help listening to her. Besides, she's entitled to give her reasons."

"I consider it," I said, "a great impertinence in her to talk like that of me before you."

"Yes, and the kitchenmaid was listening, too."

"Indeed. And how did it strike the kitchenmaid?"

"The kitchenmaid," said Francesca, "seemed to think it was a joke. She sniggered."

"Francesca," I said, "I have been thinking this matter over. I am afraid there is nothing for it. Mrs. Baxter must go."

"I was sure you would agree with me," she said.

"And the kitchenmaid?"

"Oh, she's young," said Francesca.

"She must be warned not to repeat her behaviour. It was not respectful to you. You ought to have displayed a proper spirit."

"Oh, no," said Francesca. "I have too much pride for that. Proper spirits make all the mischief in the world."

R. C. L.

## AUTHORS DISCUSS CHINA.

TURKS DISCUSS AUTHORS' ILLUMINATING UTTERANCES.

As a result of the clarifying effect on public opinion of the recent discussion of the *ethos* of the Turk at the Authors' Club, a debate of authors on the Chinaman was held at Caxton Hall last Friday, Mr. CHARLES GARVICE again presiding. In his introductory remarks the Chairman observed that although he had never personally visited China, he had attended a performance of *The Yellow Jacket* and preferred Mandarin to Seville oranges. Men of letters, he continued, would always regard China with sympathy in view of the stimulating effect of opium on the genius of DE QUINCEY and COLERIDGE, though personally he preferred barley-water.

Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY was not present, but he wrote a letter, which the Chairman read, to the effect that, if it could be authoritatively ascertained that most Chinamen married the wrong woman first, he would extend his patronage to the race. Otherwise China was no place for a conscientious English novelist.

Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT also wrote stating that he had not as yet gone very deeply into the matter of China, but when next he had half-an-hour to spare he would devote it to the composition of an article instructing the Chinese in all the duties of life.

Mr. BANISTER FLETCHER, F.R.I.B.A., who apologised for the lateness of his arrival, explaining that he had been detained by a dress-rehearsal at the Gas Congress, delivered an exhaustive address on the architecture of the Chinese Wall, a knowledge of which, he maintained, was absolutely essential to all journalists and novelists. Whether one looked at its length, its height or its breadth, it impressed the imagination and furnished food for thought.

Mr. SILAS K. HOCKING, who followed, said that it was a commonplace of European criticism to speak of the immobility of China. Yet they had abandoned the pig-tail, and the Deputies at their new Parliament all wore top-hats. The revival of the silk-hat trade in England was a direct result of this enlightened policy.

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., in an eloquent speech, expressed the indebtedness of the Irish people to China. The Irish were notoriously the "tea-drinkingest" race in existence, and since

they had taken to China instead of Indian tea the cause of Home Rule had progressed by leaps and bounds. Again, Ireland was famous for its ginger-ale, the raw material for which was principally imported from Canton. Speaking for himself, it was one of the greatest disappointments of his journalistic life when the late DOWAGER EXPRESS OF CHINA declined to contribute an account of her early life to the columns of P.A.P.

The Mayor of WESTMINSTER paid a handsome tribute to the efficiency of the municipal administration of Pekin. That city was far ahead of Kensington, where the pavements in High Street were often so congested with perambulators that foot-passengers were driven into the roadway, to the imminent peril



Secretary of Village Entertainment. "Now, don't give them anything too high-class; they won't understand it."

of motorists. Such a thing would not be tolerated in Pekin.

Mr. W. B. MAXWELL said that China was the ideal country for a novelist because there was no Library censorship. You could publish just what you liked there; but the melancholy result was that very little was published. Why this should be so he could not imagine.

Mr. FILSON YOUNG observed that he was glad that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR had raised the question of the hygienic quality of China tea, as it enabled him to call attention to an extraordinary lack of consideration shown by English *châtelaines* for their guests. Quite recently, while staying in a well-appointed country house, he was brought his early morning tea, which turned out to be of the most inferior Indian quality. At breakfast the tea provided was the best Soochong. But his appetite had been entirely destroyed. (Cries of "Shame!")

Was this economy necessary? Was it not rather an insult to the 450 millions of patient Orientals now ruled by YUAN SHIH-KAI? He was no scare-monger, but if ever we were confronted by a Yellow Peril it would be largely due to such acts as these.

By way of supplement to this interesting debate we may give a brief summary of the speeches made at a meeting held in Constantinople last week to discuss the tone and tendencies of British authors, with TALAAT BEY in the chair.

TALAAT said that the time had come to decide whether the importation of English novels should be allowed to continue. For his own part, he had no hesitation in declaring his conviction that a wholesale prohibition would be in the best interests of the Ottoman Empire.

AHMED RIZA said that what was wrong with the British authors was their lack of idealism. There were exceptions, of course, but the worst of it was that the few idealists were pessimists to the core. Take GALSWORTHY, for instance, who had given such a fine picture of the English aristocracy in *The Patriarchian*, but whose later works gave him (AHMED RIZA) the pure pip.

ENVER BEY, while admitting his indebtedness to HERBERT SPENCER, deplored the decadent spirit which animated most English novelists, with the exception of the Brothers HOCKING and the Baroness ORCZY.

HILNIC PASHA followed on similar lines. The censorship in Turkey was purely political;

from the moral point of view Turkish romances were above reproach, whereas in England the great majority of novelists were engaged in a carnival of competitive impropriety.

DJAVID PASHA noted the extraordinary inconsistency of British authors, who, while criticising the domestic morals of the Turks, yet encouraged them in their writings. He understood that one of the most popular works recently published in England was entitled, *Some Experiences of an Irish Harem*.

Ultimately a resolution was unanimously passed, expressing sympathy with the Libraries Association in London in their noble effort to restrict the circulation of poisonous novels.

"Already the Premier, Hsueh-Hsi-Ling, has begun applying for sick leave, showing that internal difficulties are rampant."

Daily Telegraph.

A good doctor would soon cure them.

## DEFINITIONS.

As soon as we had joined the ladies after dinner Gerald took up a position in front of the fire.

"Now that the long winter evenings are upon us," he began—

"Anyhow, it's always dark at half-past nine," said Norah.

"Not in the morning," said Dennis, who has to be excused for anything foolish he says since he became obsessed with golf.

"Please don't interrupt," I begged. "Gerald is making a speech."

"I was only going to say that we might have a little game of some sort. Norah, what's the latest parlour game from London?"

"Tell your uncle," I urged, "how you amuse yourselves at the Lyceum."

"Do you know 'Hunt the Pencil'?"

"No. What do you do?"

"You collect five pencils; when you've got them, I'll tell you another game."

"Bother these pencil games," said Dennis, taking an imaginary swing with a paper-knife. "I hope it isn't too brainy."

"You'll want to know how to spell," said Norah severely, and she went to the writing desk for some paper.

In a little while—say, half-an-hour—we had each a sheet of paper and a pencil, and Norah was ready to explain.

"It's called Definitions. I expect you all know it."

We assured her we didn't.

"Well, you begin by writing down five or six letters, one underneath the other. We might each suggest one. 'E.'"

We weighed in with ours, and the result was E P A D U.

"Now you write them backwards."

There was a moment's consternation.

"Like 'bath-mat'?" said Dennis.

"An 'e' backwards looks so silly."

"Stupid—like this," explained Norah. She showed us her paper.

E	U
P	D
A	A
D	P
U	E

"This is thrilling," said Mrs. Gerald, pencilling hard.

"Then everybody has to fill in words all the way down, your first word beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u,' and so on. See?"

Gerald leant over Dennis and explained carefully to him, and in a little while we all saw.

"Then, when everybody's finished, we define our words in turn, and the person who guesses the word first gets a mark. That's all."



A.T. SMITH

Genial Idiot. "HULLO, WHITE, OLD MAN. NOT SEEN YOU FOR CENTURIES; SCARCELY RECOGNISED YOU; MOUSTACHE AND ALL THAT'S ALTERED YOU SO MUCH."

Perfect Stranger. "PARDON ME, SIR, MY NAME IS NOT WHITE."

Genial Idiot. "THAT'S BAD! ALTERED YOUR NAME, TOO!"

"And a very good game too," I said, and I rubbed my head and began to think.

"Of course," said Norah, after a quarter of an hour's silence, "you want to make the words difficult and define them as subtly as possible."

"Of course," I said, wrestling with 'E-U.' I could only think of one word, and it was the one everybody else was certain to have.

"Are we all ready? Then somebody begin."

"You'd better begin, Norah, as you know the game," said Mrs. Gerald.

We prepared to begin.

"Mine," said Norah, "is a bird."

"Emu," we all shouted; but I swear I was first.

"Yes."

"I don't think that's a very subtle definition," said Dennis. "You promised to be as subtle as possible."

"Go on, dear," said Gerald to his wife.

"Well, this is rather awkward. Mine is—"

"Emu," I suggested.

"You must wait till she has defined it," said Norah sternly.

"Mine is a sort of feathered animal." "Emu," I said again. In fact, we all said it.

Gerald coughed. "Mine," he said, "isn't exactly a—fish, because it—"

"Emu," said everybody.

"That was subtler," said Dennis, "but it didn't deceive us."

"Your turn," said Norah to me. And they all leant forward ready to say "Emu."



"Mine," I said, "is—all right, Dennis, you needn't look so excited—is a word I once heard a man say at the Zoo."

There was a shriek of "Emu!"

"Wrong," I said.

Everybody was silent.

"Where did he say it?" asked Nora at last. "What was he doing?"

"He was standing outside the Emu's cage."

"It must have been Emu."

"It wasn't."

"Perhaps there's another animal beginning with 'e' and ending with 'u'," suggested Dennis. "He might have said, 'Look here, I'm tired of this old Emu, let's go and see the E-doesn't-mu, or whatever it's called.'"

"We shall have to give it up," said Nora at last. "What is it?"

"Ebu," I announced. "My man had a bad cold, and he said, 'Look, Baria, there's ad Ebu.' Er—what do I get for that?"

"Nothing," said Nora coldly. "It isn't fair. Now, Mr. Dennis."

"Mine is *not* Emu, and it couldn't be mistaken for Emu; not even if you had a sore throat and a sprained ankle. And it has nothing to do with the Zoo, and—"

"Well, what is it?"

"It's what you say at golf when you miss a short putt."

"I doubt it," I said.

"Not what Gerald says," said his wife.

"Well, it's what you might say. What HORACE would have said."

"Eheu"—good," said Gerald, while his wife was asking "Horace who?"

We moved on to the next word, P—D.

"Mine," said Nora, "is what you might do to a man whom you didn't like, but it's a delightful thing to have and at the same time you would hate to be in it."

"Are you sure you know what you are talking about, dear?" said Mrs. Gerald gently.

"Quite," said Nora with the confidence of extreme youth.

"Could you say it again very slowly?" asked Dennis, "indicating by changes in the voice which character is speaking?"

She said it again.

"Pound," said Gerald. "Good—one to me."

Mrs. Gerald had "pod," Gerald had "pond;" but they didn't define them very cleverly and they were soon guessed. Mine, unfortunately, was also guessed at once.

"It is what Dennis's golf is," I said.

"Putrid," said Gerald correctly.

"Mine," said Dennis, "is what everybody has two of."

"Then it's not 'pound,'" I said, "because I've only got one-and-nine-pence."

"At least, it's best to have two. Sometimes you lose one. They're very useful at golf. In fact, absolutely necessary."

"Have you got two?"

"Yes."

I looked at Dennis's enormous hands spread out on his knees.

"Is it 'pud'?" I asked. "It is? Are those the two? Good heavens!" and I gave myself a mark.

A—A was the next, and we had the old Emu trouble.

"Mine," said Nora—"mine is rather a meaningless word."

"Abracadabra," shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Miss Gerald, "is a very strange word, which—"

"Abracadabra," shouted everybody.

"Mine," said Gerald, "is a word which used to be—"

"Abracadabra," shouted everybody.

"Mine," I said to save trouble, "is 'Abracadabra.'"

"Mine," said Dennis, "isn't. It's what you say at golf when—"

"Oh lor!" I groaned. "Not again."

"When you hole a long putt for a half."

"You'd probably say, 'What about that for a good putt, old thing? Thirty yards at least,'" suggested Gerald.

"No."

"Is it—is it 'Alleluia'?" suggested Mrs. Gerald timidly.

"Yes."

"Dennis," I said, "you're an ass."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And now," said Nora at the end of the game, "who's won?"

They counted up their marks.

"Ten," said Nora.

"Fifteen," said Gerald.

"Three," said his wife.

"Fourteen," said Dennis.

They looked at me.

"I'm afraid I forgot to put all mine down," I said, "but I can easily work it out. There were five words, and five definitions of each word. Twenty-five marks to be gained altogether. You four have got—er—let's see—forty-two between you. That leaves me—"

"That leaves you *minus* seventeen," said Dennis. "I'm afraid you've lost, old man." He took up the shovel and practised a few approach shots. "It's rather a good game."

I think so too. It's a good game, but, like all paper games, its scoring wants watching. A. A. M.

"He, in brief, was a fine example of the saying, 'Suarter in modo seo further in re.'" *Cronnel Chronicle.*  
Gaelic always leaves us cold.

## NIGHT AND MORNING THOUGHTS.

THINK, when you sleep  
And slip alone into a world of dream,  
That fairies creep  
Up to the darkling house by glow-  
worm gleam;  
And then kind-eyed  
They cast delicious spells at your bed-  
side,  
And take you in their keeping  
When you are sleeping.

In and out and round about, while  
moonshine is peeping  
Through the dimity curtains on the  
floor and counterpane,  
Puck with his fairy broom is furbishing  
and sweeping,  
And all the rest in the dimple light  
are dancing, ring and chain,  
Cross hands and down the middle  
and cross hands again.

Think, when you wake  
And blink your eyelids at the morning's  
blue,  
That fairies slake  
Their dainty thirst upon the garden dew,  
And tell the flowers  
To dress and give them breakfast in  
their bowers,  
And set the sunbeams shaking  
When you are waking.

Here and there and everywhere, when  
broad day is breaking  
They troop into the garden, very  
eager to be fed.  
If the dew is not delivered, what a fuss  
they will be making!  
But at last they wander back into  
the wood and go to bed,  
With yawns of gapy gossamer, each  
fairy sleepy-head.

Mr. BIRRELL, in acknowledging the receipt of the freedom of Glasgow, spoke in praise of great cities, and is reported to have referred to the "magic names of Rome, Athens, Jerusalem, Paris, London, Glasgow and Edinburgh." Dublin seems for the moment to have escaped his memory.

"The great cathedral of Gloucester was filled to overflowing, so that the acoustic properties were excellent. The nave is usually too snorous."—*Evening Standard.*  
Of course it depends to a large extent on the preacher.

"Having confessed to stealing ten motor cycles from different owners by riding off on a pretence of testing the machines, a carpenter was sentenced to three months' hard labour at the Old Bailey yesterday, Judge Rentoul stating that he should use extraordinary leniency in order to give him another chance." *Standard.*  
Making the eleventh.





Beginner. "I WONDER WHAT THE CLUB'S LIKE I OUGHT TO HAVE USED HERE? NONE OF THESE SEEM QUITE RIGHT!"

### SPEEDING THE LINGERING GUEST.

SOME remarks which appeared in a leading provincial newspaper the other day upon the "concentrated essence of hospitality" which is extended at modern week-end shooting parties may perhaps have been received with resentment by certain society hostesses concerned. "Modern hospitality," it was explained, "is quite shameless in fixing the hour of arrival and departure for guests; in some country houses the hint is conveyed by the tiny cake of "visitor's soap" in the bedrooms, symbolical of the brief time guests are expected to stay." One has always had a feeling that that is the sort of thing that ought not to be given away in the press, but as our contemporary has made a start in this direction we may perhaps take the opportunity of discussing the subject more fully.

The system of the symbolical soap does not always work quite so smoothly as one might think. There is a story now going the rounds of an old gentleman, quite incapable of consciously committing a *faux pas*, who nevertheless made himself extremely unpopular at a well-known country house in the Midlands by grossly outstaying his welcome. It is only fair to add that, as soon

as the whole truth was known, he was completely exonerated. It happened that the housemaid, in preparing his room, had carelessly left behind her a large slab of household soap, on which the old gentleman worked away for several weeks, never dreaming that he would be expected to leave before he reached the end of it. One cannot, however, so easily excuse a certain Army officer, who now finds all doors in society closed to him. For it is said that he had committed the unpardonable *gaucherie* of ringing for more soap.

But symbolical soap as a means of getting rid of one's friends is rapidly going out. Involving as it does the personal habits and tastes of the various guests it has been found altogether too rigid in its operations. Some hostesses, too, prefer a more direct hint and simply cut off the food supply; but this is not done at the best houses. It is considered more delicate to disturb the even tenor of the guest's tranquillity by a series of slight but cumulative impediments.

Thus he will find that his morning tea is stone cold; that the fire in his bedroom is allowed to go out at 9 P.M.; that only one of his boots has been blacked. If these fail there are other and more drastic means, for the modern hostess is a marvel of ingenuity when

it is a question of speeding the lingering guest. He will find a *Bradshaw* beneath his pillow, or, if he has brought his motor, his chauffeur will be instructed to hang about in unexpected places waiting for orders. Sometimes the car is even brought round and kept waiting at the front door.

In the case of extreme obtuseness, further steps may sometimes have to be taken. The delinquent will find that he has to unpack his bag several times a day and to be continually retrieving his golf-clubs from the front hall, where they are lying in conspicuous readiness for his departure. And at last, when he goes up to his room to make ready for luncheon, he will be shocked to discover that the blinds are down and the carpet up, while a couple of workmen are busy with the electric light. Then it will come home to him. The game is up and he must go.

But it must not be supposed that he will be made to suffer any embarrassment in his farewells. The modern hostess is the very impersonation of tact.

"The curtain rises on a splendidly-set hunting scene. Nothing is left out at all. Even the setters are there."

Sydney Morning Herald.

And, of course, the landing net.



Rosamund (at the words, "This is for the second time of asking"). "OH, MOTHER, THEN SHE'S A WIDOW!"

### WHY YOU YELL.

(Written, for the benefit of the neighbourhood in general, to a phenomenon who is still too youthful to make coherent explanations for himself.)

I do not think you have a pain inside;  
Not hunger nor a sad satiety  
Makes you screw up your face like that, and hide  
Those optics where celestial stars abide,  
And bellow like the D.

Some there may be of Calvinistic view,  
Nursing the notion of primeval sins,  
Would say old Adam's still alive in you;  
Others would hoist you to a posture new  
And readjust your pins.

These are in error. So is your mamma,  
Who seeks to soothe you down with wordy sham  
And deems you weary from your long *ta ta*.  
(Editor: "What on earth is that?" Papa:  
"Why, driving in his pram.")

That could not cause such poignancy of woe,  
But sorrow for a place where sordid pelf  
And lies rule everything—this spectre show  
Where all is hollowness. Poor child! I know;  
I felt the same myself.

I howled, they tell me, also; I could make  
Sufficient noise for two when I was hurled  
Into this vale of mourning: "Life's a fake"  
(That was the line which I proposed to take);  
"Crikey! Is this your world?"

I came, like you, from Paradise; I slid  
Down by the rainbow stairs, and, when I saw  
The meanness that enshrouds a mortal kid,  
I told them what I thought of it—I did.  
I nearly burst my jaw.

Well, you'll get used to it. You'll learn to veil  
The heartfelt anguish underneath a smile,  
Accept life's tinsel, and forget to wail  
For that dim land beyond terrestrial hail  
Where things are done in style.

Meantime, what wonder that your days are flat?  
Contemptuous of the women's idle talk,  
What wonder that you spurn the dorsal pat?  
Your father's sympathy's too deep for that;  
He's going for a walk. EVOE.

### "FAT-BABY MISTAKES.

STRAPPING INFANTS ON WRONG DIET."

*Daily Mail.*

It is very wrong to strap them whatever you may have  
been eating.

### A Farmyard Imitation?

"It was heard under excellent conditions. Miss Edyth Walker and Mr. John Coates were obviously at home and in complete sympathy with their parts, the mooring duet being sung with the deepest feeling and dramatic fervour."—*Yorkshire Evening News.*

"Among the wedding presents to Prince Arthur of Connaught are a pair of socks, knitted by an octogenarian shepherd and a collie."

*Standard.*

Probably they did a sock each.



### A UNION OF HEARTS.

*THE ROYAL WEDDING, OCTOBER 15TH.*

MR. PUNCH. "GOOD LUCK TO YOU BOTH, SIR! WE MAY DIFFER ABOUT ULSTER, BUT WE'RE ALL SOLID FOR CONNAUGHT!"







"WELL, THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I REMEMBER TO HAVE DERIVED ANY REAL BENEFIT FROM THESE PILLS."

### THE NEW WAY OF ADVERTISING PLAYS.

THE observer of contemporary journalism can hardly fail to have been struck with the change that is coming over theatrical advertising. Should the present tendency continue, this is what we are coming to:—

Why suffer from Autumnal Depression when for a price within the reach of all you can forget your woes by witnessing the enormously successful farcical comedy

"WELL, REALLY, I MEAN——"

Every evening at 9. DRYTEARIAN THEATRE.

Just the thing for the chilly weather.  
Try it before you go to bed to-night.

### THE DESCRIPTIVE TOUCH.

How glorious is the crisp morning air up on this mountain side! How the waters of the burn sing with gladness as they go splashing and flashing towards the tarn in the valley below. The cottagers sing also, for blitheness of heart, as they stand at their doors to watch the passing of the Duke of Shaftesbury-Avenue and his high-born house-party on their way to stalk the stag. See! There goes a golden eagle; it has carried off a little child to its eyrie amongst the mountains, but no

one seems to mind. The day is too sparkling and fresh for repining. Now the stag runs away, and all the house-party follow. "Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" they cry, tumbling over one another in their light-hearted eagerness to secure the quarry. But, swift as they are, there is one amongst them, a tall and beautiful English maid, who is faster than any. Her name is——

Ah! For that you must witness Act I. of

"THE TWIRL GIRL."

ARCADIAN THEATRE. Every evening at 8.30.

### MORE TESTIMONY FROM THE MIDLANDS.

Perhaps you remember what the critics said about *The Powder Puff*? (Anyhow, we are not going to repeat it.) Now let us hear what the Public, those who really know, think.

Mrs. Harris, Charwoman, of 225, Bath Brick Cottages, Rugby, writes:—

"In the summer of this year my health had become very low. My husband and all my friends noticed it. I was unable to rouse myself, and even the exertion of attending a picture-palace was frequently too much for me. One day a friend, who had seen your advertisement, advised me to try a visit to the World Theatre. At first

I resisted the suggestion, but ultimately allowed myself to be persuaded to take advantage of a cheap excursion to attend your Saturday *matinée*. The result was *well-nigh incredible*. After the First Act I was able to sit up and take nourishment. Before the end of the Second my lassitude and general apathy had entirely disappeared; and I left the theatre a different woman. I consider your piece is nothing short of marvellous, and I am directing all similar sufferers to at once visit

"THE POWDER PUFF."

WORLD THEATRE. Evenings, 9.  
Wednesday and Saturday, 2.30.

"Braid was only a couple of yards from the tee in two, but his putt went past the hole."  
*The Globe.*

"Nonsense," said BRAID to his caddie, who offered him a brassie, "I always use a putter for my third shot," and proceeded to make the longest putt on record.

"Navy blue pram, white, washable, kid lined; good condition, 30s. or near offer."  
*Advt. in "Portsmouth Evening News."*

We don't know what the kid was lined with ("good capon," perhaps), but we hope he will be taken out before the pram is sold.

### PROPER PRIDE.

George Fallon ran into me as I turned the corner.

"You're just the man I want to see," he said. "I want your advice."

"You won't take it," I replied. "No one ever does. But come in here any way." I drew him into a doorway.

"It's like this," he said. "I want to know how to reply to a letter I've had from the Earl of Frocester."

"An earl!" I exclaimed. "Things are looking up."

"Well, it's not exactly quite so good as you think," he said. "But I've got it here. I'll show it to you."

George, I may say, is a baritone—one of the best we have in our town. An amateur strictly. By day he is engaged in land agency pursuits.

He brought out packet after packet of envelopes and went through them. From their appearance I guessed that they represented the mails of some weeks.

"I know it's here somewhere," he said.

He went through them again and opened one or two without success.

"I'm sure I put it in my pocket," he said. "Well, never mind, I can tell you what it said." He put the bundles back.

"As far as I can remember," he said, "it went like this: 'Dear Sir'—either 'Dear Sir' or 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I'm not sure which. 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' I think. Yes, I feel sure it was 'Dear Mr. Fallon.' That made it

the more interesting, of course. How I wish you could read it! I'll look for it again. It must be here somewhere."

He was again extracting his bundles when I stopped him.

"It doesn't matter," I said. "You have the sense of it."

"But I'd like you to read it," he said. "Do let me look again."

"No," I said.

"Very well," he replied. "It went on like this:—As chairman of the committee who are arranging the benefit performance on the 19th for the Cottage Hospital, it gives me much pleasure to ask if you will be so very good as to figure in our programme and favour the audience with one of your charming solos? An early answer will oblige. Yours faithfully—I'm sure it was 'faithfully,'" George interpolated—"FROCESTER."

"Well," I said, "that's simple enough. Of course you replied that you would?"

"No," said George, "I didn't."

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "there were reasons. You know I'm not exactly a nobody here, am I?"

I assured him he was not—very much somebody, in fact.

"And you would have said that my name would occur as quickly as any one's to the mind of a person getting up a concert?" he continued.

"I should think so," I said.

"Well," he said, "other people had had letters of invitation like this a full week before mine." His look challenged me to counter that.

"Oh, well," he said, "never mind; but I'd like you to see it. I could have sworn I put it in my pocket after lunch. Still, I've given you the substance right enough. The point now is, should I be fair to myself—and, after all, that's of some importance in the world, isn't it?"

"Most certainly," I said.

"Should I be just to myself if at my time of life I overlooked the deliberate passing over of me by this committee until they had had a lot of refusals? For that's what it comes to."

"Do you really feel as strongly as that?" I said.

"I do," he replied.

"But think of the muddle there always is in this kind of thing," I said. "It may have been his lordship's fault. He may have forgotten to write to you for a week."

"I wish I could think so," he said.

"And the object," I continued, "the charity. Surely you would like to do something for that?"

"Why don't they want more than one song?" George asked evasively.

"It's a very full programme," I suggested, "and you're sure to get an encore. You'll take more than one with you, of course."

"If I go," he said.

"Oh, you'll go," I replied. "His lordship has never asked you for anything before, and to refuse would be a bad start. He did call you 'Dear Mr. Fallon,' too!"

"I wonder if he did," said George. "I wish I had the letter here. I'll look again. I'd so like you to see it."

"Oh no," I said quickly. "That's all right."

"No," he replied; "I may as well look once more. I must have it somewhere."

Again he went through his bundles, and this time the letter actually appeared.

He was overjoyed.

"Now," he said, "you shall see for yourself," and he spread it out.

As he did so his face fell. It began, "Dear Sir."

"Well, I'm hanged!" he said. "To think I should have got that wrong! But that settles it," he added, as he drew himself up proudly and replaced the packets. "Nothing shall induce me to sing there now."



THE CAMERA IN THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

(Five well-known players snapped at Bromleigh by a rising young artist who should go far in photographic journalism.)

Reading from left to right—BERT SCROGGINS, "BULL-DOG" JENKINS, ALF BOOTS, JIM BILKER AND CHRIS MONTGOMERIE.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

"Quite," he said. "I've seen them."

"But perhaps London people were asked first," I suggested.

"No, these were local artists—like me," he said.

"Then what are you going to do?" I asked him.

"That's what I want to know," he said. "Of course I should like to oblige his grace."

"His lordship," I corrected, but he missed it.

"I should like to oblige his grace," he repeated, "who, after all, does call me 'Dear Mr. Fallon'—at least, I believe so. I wish I had the letter here to show you. But I have got it, I'm certain; I'll look again."

Again he went right through his bundles of correspondence, again he nearly had it, but had it not.





Dear Old Lady (to celebrated Professor who is showing her some chicken-houses he has made in his spare time). "BUT I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE SUCH A HANDY MAN. YOU'RE SIMPLY WASTED IN ENGLAND; YOU OUGHT TO HAVE GONE OUT TO THE COLONIES."

### THE IMPERIAL LYONS.

THE KAISER becomes more and more like Sir JOSEPH LYONS every day. We all know that he paints pictures; so does Sir JOSEPH. The KAISER can do deadly work with the pen; and Sir JOSEPH also is a writer. The KAISER preaches; and even Sir JOSEPH has been known to hold forth. Now we are informed by *The Daily News* that the KAISER owns a café; and still more so does Sir JOSEPH LYONS. His IMPERIAL MAJESTY, we understand, occasionally drops into his own restaurant for a little light refreshment; and here again, if our information is correct, he follows the great English restaurateur's example.

"If KAISER WILHELM is going seriously into the business, however," Sir JOSEPH is alleged to have said to a representative of the Press the other day, "I am sorry for him. Forty to fifty per cent. profit is not so easy to make in these days."

"But supposing he employed good musicians and gave orders for his own compositions to be played?"

"No," said Sir JOSEPH, looking thoughtfully out of the window, as if the pools of memory had been stirred,—"no, even then he might fail." And he sighed. We did not know before that Sir JOSEPH was a composer also.

Whilst on his tour of enquiry, the representative of the Press was authoritatively informed that there was no truth in the rumour that APPENRODT was only an *alias* of the GERMAN EMPEROR.

An incident which might have been attended by alarming results took place in the Imperial establishment a few days ago (writes our Berlin Correspondent). A gentleman entered and sat at a table. The waitresses were gathered together by the coffee-urn busily putting each other's brooches straight. After waiting ten or fifteen minutes, the customer rang the bell on his table, whereupon a young waitress, who had only recently joined the staff, approached him slowly. She stood by his table looking at the reflection of herself in a mirror. "A small cup of coffee and some biscuits, please," said the customer. Without a word she returned to the coffee urn, convulsed

her colleagues with some playful remark, and presently came back to the customer to fling before him half a pork pie and a glass of ginger beer. "No, my child," he said kindly, "I want coffee and biscuits." "Then why couldn't you say so?" asked the waitress crossly. At this juncture a young cavalry officer sitting at another table, who had with difficulty restrained his feelings during the incident, sprang to his feet, drew his sword, and would have felled the unhappy attendant to the linoleum. But the neglected customer rose and with an imperious gesture stayed him. "Sheath your sword, my gallant one," he said; "you mean well, but we must not have bloodshed here. This is a respectable establishment. Do you hear, Sir? Put up your sword—I, your Emperor, command you!"

*For it was he!*

"Before that thing happens blood would flow, and once blood had flown that thing would never happen."—*Observer*.  
Funny how this craze for aviation gets into the blood.

## PRE-NATAL INFLUENCE.

THE publicity given by *The Daily Express* to the life-history of EUGENETTE, the super-baby of Hampstead, whose parents prepared for her arrival by undergoing a careful course of mental and spiritual exercise, has brought us a host of letters from correspondents who give the results of their own essays in this branch of Eugenics. We select a few of the most interesting cases that have been brought under our notice:—

*Burble Cottage, Bilgewater.*

SIR,—Before our darling Egregia was born my wife and I made a complete study of the works of Mr. HALL CAINE. The result is that now, at the age of eleven months, Egregia has begun to express her thoughts with fluency and distinction, while her sense of morality is wonderfully developed. Her favourite plaything is a pen, and, while displaying a healthy contempt for teddy-bears and dolls, she invariably refuses to go to bed unless accompanied by the bust of SHAKESPEARE, which during the daytime reposes on the principal bookcase. I may mention that she has converted the library into her nursery, and it is a significant fact that on entering that apartment yesterday I found her absorbed in *The Woman Thou Gavest Me*, over parts of which she was busily engaged in pouring the contents of the inkpot.

Yours faithfully,

THEOPHRASTUS KNIBBS.

*The Acorns, Flowery Way,  
Crankley Garden Suburb.*

DEAR SIR,—Believing as I do that the perfect life is only attainable by a strict adherence to vegetarian principles, I spent the months preceding my son's birth in daily communion with the products of Mr. EUSTACE MILES, Mr. G. B. SHAW, and other leaders of the same school of thought. Carrots (as we call him, though his baptismal name is Bernard) is now seven months old, and whenever he has been put to the test he has refused meat in the most uncompromising fashion. He is a strong, healthy lad, and takes an unaffected delight in the physical and breathing exercises which he is set to perform every morning. Intellectually he shows the greatest promise, and from certain expressions, as yet indistinct, which I have heard him let fall, I believe he will develop into an accomplished linguist. This I attribute to my own customary diet of French beans, Brussels sprouts, and Spanish nuts.

Yours sincerely,

SEMOLINA SIMPKINS.

365, Contango Terrace,

West Hampstead.

SIR,—I am willing to wager that my firstborn, Montagu, is the most business-like baby in the kingdom. His mother and I took care of that. Before he arrived she used to come down to my office every day and go through the books, and when I mention that I am a financial agent in the West-end of London you will appreciate what this means. Montagu already knows what's what. I recently gave him some coins to play with, in order that early in life he should become familiar with the value of money. The other day I handed him a shilling and asked him to change it for me. He solemnly counted out eleven pennies and pushed them towards me; the other penny, of course, he had kept for himself as commission. He can already do sums in simple interest (from sixty per cent.). I enclose my business card in case you or any of your friends should wish to consult me, and remain,

Yours obediently,

EPHRAIM MONTMORENCY.

*Belfast.*

DEAR SIR,—The wife and I are both staunch Unionists, and have thrown ourselves heart and soul into the Anti-Home Rule movement. A few weeks after the opening of the present campaign, during which we attended scores of meetings, our baby girl, whom we have named Effie Carsonia, made her appearance. She is of a fierce fighting disposition, and from the moment of her birth has never ceased to declaim day and night. The light that comes into her eyes when she is shown a Union Jack is beautiful to see. I regret to say, however, that she is now suffering from an ulcerated throat.

Yours faithfully,

PATER AND PATRIOT.

*Portland.*

SIR,—Unfortunately for myself, I happened to be born shortly after the discovery of the great Bank Swindle of '64. Doubtless my parents, who took a deep interest in current affairs, were full of it at the time, and this explains certain defects in my character which have always caused me great pain, and which I have never been able to eradicate. Perhaps now that attention has been drawn to this important subject my case will be investigated scientifically, and steps will be taken to have me removed from my present uncongenial surroundings. Thanking you in anticipation,

Yours hopefully,

A. CROOK.

## MUSICAL OMENS.

MISS LILIAN GRANFELT, interviewed by *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject of her forthcoming appearance in Mr. RAYMOND ROZE's *Joan of Arc*, tells an interesting story of an incident which befell her in her student days at Paris:—

"One day I was riding on horseback with some Scandinavian students when my horse shied and bolted. My hat flew off, my hair came undone and fell round me in streams, but still I held fast and would not let go. The people who saw me shouted, 'Bravo, Jeanne d'Arc!' and it was, I think, a sort of sign that I should one day be the creator of the Maid of Orleans in this opera."

Inquiries made of various luminaries of the musical world show that these premonitions are of comparatively frequent occurrence.

Mr. Boldero-Bamborough (*né* Bamberger), the famous Scoto-Semitic violinist, writes from Boldero Towers to point out that in his early infancy the nursery rhyme to which he was always lulled to sleep by Madame Bamberger was "Hi diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle." It should be mentioned that Mr. Boldero-Bamborough possesses a very fine Persian cat called Beethoven, because of its addiction to Moonlight Sonatas.

M. JEAN DE RESZKE, in a recent interview with a Polish journalist, describes the curious omen which befell him when attending a public elementary school in Podolia. "One day," remarked the great tenor, "I was playing tipcat with some of my schoolmates on the banks of a small lake, when, in the ardour of the game, I lost my balance, fell into the water, and being unable to swim would probably have been drowned but for the timely assistance of an old swan, which seized my waistband with its bill and brought me to the shore. The schoolmaster, who had been summoned by the cries of the boys, shouted out, 'Buck up, Lohengrin!' and for the rest of my schooldays I went by the name of the rôle in which I was subsequently destined to win some of my most resounding triumphs."

Madame MELBA is fond of telling a curious story of her schooldays at the High School at Mazawattee, which foreshadowed her success on the lyric stage. On her arrival at the school with several other new-comers the headmistress asked, "Which of you is Nellie Mitchell?" and the future *prima donna* replied with ungrammatical emphasis, "Me, me." As a result she was at once nicknamed "Mimi," in accurate anticipation of her ultimate identification with the heroine of Puccini's opera.

## LAMENT FOR THE BUTLER.

[It has recently been stated that, owing principally to the increasing charges on land, the butler is vanishing from the social system.]

ATTEND, ye peers, to this my painful coil;  
Ye squires and high manorial lords, attend,  
Whom the harsh taxes on your native soil  
Compel to stint, and rudely recommend  
A stern frugality that sees no end,  
While I, with dirges due and measures low,  
Deplore your butler, who has got to go.

For he was wonderful. His matchless mien,  
So calm, ineffable and full of rest,  
Would have done honour to the purest dean.  
Unsmiling, at the board the noblest jest  
Awoke no echo in that stoic breast;  
Nay, frequently 'twas not without a qualm  
Of daring that one tipped his ample palm.

And in that rite how well he would compare  
With the awed donor. Not for him the spell  
Of fluttering coyness, but a wavy air  
Of one who, from his loftier height, would quell  
All doubts with "Peace upon you, it is well."  
Gold only was his metal; that full port  
Forbad all coinage of the baser sort.

He was a thing of ornament, a sun  
With satellites in his reflected ray;  
These worked that he might see that it was done;  
Only with pious hands he would convey  
The wine from the deep cellar where it lay,  
And tend, and serve it with full care, and beam  
Forth on the board, immobile and supreme.

A sun. And whence he rose none ever knew.  
We think he was not made of common earth;  
Surely that classic presence never grew  
(Save to its full convexity of girth);  
Fully equipped, he must have sprung at birth  
Like Pallas; for in truth 'twould half destroy  
His wonders had he been a human boy.

Haply—we may not know—he did but come  
From some dim far isle in mysterious seas  
Where dwell the favoured race of butlerdom,  
And little baby butlers bloom at ease,  
Austere, grey-whiskered, with small cellar-keys;  
Till in a faery bark they seek the shore  
Of gilded Mammon and return no more.

But times wax hard. And he, the stay and prop  
Of many a proud demesne, must disappear.  
His lord will mourn him; guests who come to stop  
Will to his memory drop a kindly tear.  
Pert maids, of undeniably trim cheer,  
Will ply his gentle task and save expense,  
Yet never reach his storied eminence.

Then, butler, pass; tho' not without regret,  
Thy nest, no doubt, is feathered, and I see  
Those chambers in the West, which thou wilt let,  
And prosper, and from every care be free  
Save one, which may be safely left to me:  
Thou shalt not be forgotten, for all time  
Being made famous by this deathless rhyme.

DUM-DUM.

"They started side by side at the fall of a flag, and flew neck and neck to York, where the Lancashire pilot (Mr. F. R. Raynham) arrived something like forty minutes in front of his opponent."—*Daily News*.  
Either he had a very long neck, or they flew very slowly.



The Mother. "Now, young Llewellyn, I've only got a penny left, so you'll 'ave to run along of the 'bus an' I'll meet yer at the other end."

## SPARING OUR FEELINGS.

THE recent softening action of Sir JAMES BARRIE has led to still more developments of the new "Drama without Fears." A new Act is to be added to the enormously successful drama *Sealed Orders*, in which it will be explained that all the horrid happenings of battle and bloodshed, airships and assassination, are in reality but the disordered imaginings of the (supposed) burglar who drinks the drugged wine (not poisoned) in Act I. What actually took place was that a party of high-spirited young people had arranged a mock burglary, with no felonious intent whatever, through the roof. One of them, overcome by huskiness, drinks the wine that has been treated with a soporific but quite innocuous powder, and dreams the rest of the play. It is to be hoped that the new Act, which shows him waking none the worse, and the restoration of the dismissed clerk, will go far to dissipate any doubts that might have been formed concerning the perfect niceness of everybody concerned.

Actuated by a kindly anxiety lest the feelings of the audience should be unduly harrowed by the spectacle of a too-realistic lion, the management of the St. James's Theatre have now made arrangements by which the beast shall appear before the curtain and address the spectators, saying that he is no such thing, but a man as other men are, and indeed telling them plainly that he is Mr. SILLWARD, the actor. It is reported that Mr. BERNARD SHAW has been induced to take this suggestion from a fellow dramatist (the author of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and other plays).



## AT THE PLAY.

## "THE GRAND SEIGNEUR."

ONE has had the opportunity of admiring on many a stage the lofty and contemptuous detachment of the French aristocrat in face of the Revolution; the heroism, too, of his devotion and self-sacrifice. But about the *Marquis de la Vallière's* indifference to death there was something original. With the guillotine waiting for him round the corner he could still find time to be a private villain. Indeed, though faithful to his caste and prepared to die gamely with the best of them, he has the effrontery to adopt the insignia of the common enemy in order to compass a personal revenge against a member of his own class. During the process he finds himself in a position to effect several gallant rescues, and altogether his villainy has a rather attractive flavour. His very name, *Desiré*, though for some reason it had discarded its first accent and anyhow was singularly inappropriate to his character, tended to dispose one in his favour, and his graceful cynicism always found a foil in the brutality of the *sansculottes* who might at any moment have his blood. His candour, too, was very disarming; he was not satisfied that his villainous designs should be known to the audience; his victim must share them. "I have decoyed you to my bedroom on a false report," he tells the innocent *Adèle*, in his gentle voice, "in order that you may be compromised, and then you will have to marry me." You can't expect the gallery to hiss a villain like that.

It was just a simple melodrama of action with no play of character and frankly free of all intellectual subtlety. From the moment in the First Act when the *Marquis* says, in effect, to his menial, *Captain Tabercean*, "You may have forgotten a certain detail in your past career which it is convenient that the audience should know; I will therefore recall it to you"—we saw that we were not to be worried by any defiance of dramatic tradition. Nor could the ingenuous remark, "Let's have no more of your histrionics"—an old ruse, this, by which an actor is made to refer to the stage as if he weren't on it—deceive us into supposing that we had to do with anything else but histrionics all through. But there was a momentary lapse at the end. A pathetic scene between the villain's victim and her little sister, which very nearly touched

my own hard heart, should by all the rules have easily broken down the villain himself who overheard it. On the contrary, he took it unmoved, and it was only when the mob got wind of his identity, and he saw his game was up, that he assumed repentance and made admission of his evil life in a speech of studied rhetoric.

Due credit must be given to the authors of the play for its unpretentiousness. But there was one very pretentious scene where promise far outran performance. A certain dancer, *Odette*, of the Parisian stage, had renounced frivolity in exchange for the love of a good honest fellow, the *Vicomte de St. Croix*. An accident to her coach—she

should change garments with her. After a very improbable scene, in which he affects to mistake her for *Odette*, the *Duchesse* is compelled to dance a minuet with him in this alleged costume of *Phryne*.

I have so seldom had the experience of seeing Miss *MARIE LÖHR* in a play where she has not been asked to appear in pyjamas or other undress that I suffered no appreciable shock. And anyhow the performance was of the most perfunctory and respectable. The *Marquis*, who was justified in expecting something a little more *troublant*, didn't attempt to conceal his boredom, but just walked through the dance, keeping up a continuous flow of conversation.

Mr. *HARRY IRVING* was content to play his villainy in a low key, and made no very strong bid for unpopularity. He acted with an easy skill worthy of a much better setting. Miss *MARIE LÖHR*, in the distressful part of the *Duchesse*, which allowed little scope for her lightness of touch, was most moving in the scene with the tiny *Annette*, prettily played by Miss *SYBIL JOSÉ*. The rest of the cast, including a revolutionary with a strong Cockney accent, do not call for much remark, though Miss *MAY WHITTY* played well as a *Comtesse* who could talk scandal or step to the guillotine with equal aplomb. Mr. *BEN FIELD* afforded a little relief as a *Maire* in liquor; and Miss *GLADYS FFOILLIOTT*, impersonally described as "A *Virago*," showed great spirit. It was not her fault that she suddenly decided to have no more taste for blood on the

strength of a remark made by the *Duchesse de Rennes* about a lady who had just lost her head on the guillotine: "I pray God she had no children!" I thought these *tricotseuses* were made of sterner stuff.

Mr. *HARRY IRVING* is very welcome back amongst us, and I wish his new enterprise a great success. But he must not mind if I also wish that he would be a shade more ambitious, and allow his fine gifts a better chance than they can find in a play which offers so little exercise for the intelligence of actors and audience. I would very gladly share the strain. O. S.

"The last edition was obviously a great improvement. It contains 352 pages, besides 58 pages of Introduction; say 600 pages in round numbers."—*Freethinker*.

Of course, if they ask us to, we will say it, but we don't believe it.



The Grand Seigneur (greatly bored and making conversation).  
"Been to many Minuet Teas this season, *Duchesse*?"

*Marquis de la Vallière* .. .. . Mr. H. B. IRVING.  
*Duchesse de Rennes* .. .. . Miss MARIE LÖHR.

is on her way to Paris—brings her to the Château of Rennes, occupied by a few intoxicated Sons of Liberty. A miniature trunk that accompanies her is understood to contain her répertoire of dancing apparel; and she is invited to perform before these ruffians in the costume of *Phryne*, a part in which she has won much esteem in the metropolis. I have my own ideas as to the costume appropriate to this historical character, and the one assumed by *Odette*, though sketchy, bore no resemblance to it in point of impropriety. Nevertheless, and though it was concealed by a voluminous cloak, she chose, by an incredible kink of modesty, to risk her husband's life rather than escape with him in a costume in which he must have seen her a hundred times on the stage. So she insists that the young *Duchesse de Rennes* (object of the wicked *Marquis's* loathsome addresses)



*Disgusted Sportsman.* "MISSED AGAIN! I CAN'T HIT A THING. I'LL HAVE TO GIVE IT UP!"

*Stalker.* "OH, I WADNA DAE THAT. YE CANNA HIT THEM, BUT YE HAE A FINE STYLE, WHATEVER."

### OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I HAVE long suspected that there are two Miss MARY CHOLMONDELEYS, and the publication of her new novel, *Notwithstanding* (MURRAY), confirms my suspicion. One Miss CHOLMONDELEY is an entirely delightful person. She rejoices in country scenes—some village with its parson, its old maids, its rectory and its rooks, its school and green, its manor house with the squire, and its inn with the gossips. Such scenes she describes supremely well, and I enjoy immensely her own enjoyment in the doing of it. There is in her new novel a chapter that contains the very best description of a village choir-practice that I have ever read, and indeed all the homely humorous scenes in *Notwithstanding* are pictures of quiet English life that neither Miss MITFORD nor Mrs. GASKELL have excelled. But, alas, there is also the other Miss CHOLMONDELEY. This is the lady who gave us the melodrama of *Red Pottage* and of *Prisoners*. In those books she had herself to some extent under control, but in *Notwithstanding* she revels gloriously. Her story depends upon at least a dozen most elaborate coincidences; upon conversations either just overheard or just missed; upon four characters who are either paralytic or insane; upon a wicked nurse who marries the idiot son in order to obtain the property; upon a will which is lost and found with a quite bewildering iteration; and finally upon the most convenient fire in all fiction—a fire that burns, with great precision, the exact corner of the will that the hero and heroine desire it to burn. How hopelessly are the quiet realistic scenes of country life upset by these extravagances!

Why is Miss CHOLMONDELEY so determined upon a manufactured and incredible plot? No one wishes for melodrama when so many real and convincing delights are offered. I beg of her to dismiss once and for ever her Surrey-side collaborator.

It was happily inevitable that Mr. G. F. BRADBY (whose *Dick* contained one of the most delightful studies of boyhood in modern fiction) should sooner or later write an exclusively school story. *The Lanchester Tradition* (SMITH, ELDER) is however unexpected in that its protagonists are not school-boys but schoolmasters. I must say that the relative novelty of this is welcome; and it may at once be added that it proves Mr. BRADBY well qualified to deal shrewdly with his own kind. One feels on every page that the book is the work of one who knows thoroughly what he is writing about—not to say one who has taken an unholy and impish joy in a good deal of it. Certainly the peculiar atmosphere of a public school community, that strange blend of idealism and pettiness, courage and futility, could not have been conveyed with more truth than in this story of the new headmaster of Chiltern and his difficulties. Many of the characters are clearly portraits, though, I suspect, composite ones; they are certainly all very much alive, from Mr. Flaggon, the head, down to Tiphani, whom he imports as the latest product of Cambridge culture—with results somewhat devastating to the senior staff. Mr. BRADBY, has a gift of phrase that I have admired before (there is, for example, a definition of English oratory that is alone worth the sum charged for the book) and an ironic humour none the less biting for its placidity. He has in short written a

book that, though its chief appeal will be to the specialist, provides the general public with a sufficiently entertaining story, and some valuable instruction. The expert will read it with emotion—of various kinds.

I believe that the worth of a novel could be at once discovered from a glance at the handwriting in which it was originally composed. I do not, however, anticipate that the publishers, even for the purpose of testing my theory, will take to reproducing authors' works in facsimile, for what is most readable in print would probably prove least legible in manuscript. Mr. A. SCOTT CRAVEN writes, I suspect, in a diminutive and scholarly hand, giving a pleasing effect from a distance but proving undecipherable on closer inspection. Further, his written page must, I think, be noticeably darkened with frequent erasures, many a word having been altered many a time. There is that in *The Fool's Tragedy* (SECKER) which makes me wish that he had dictated it to an impatient and bullying stenographer, insistent on speed, regardless of diction and intolerant of any later revision; in which case a meticulous sense of style would not have been allowed to interfere with the flow of a ready inspiration.

He has a fine type of fool, the brilliant thinker, the restless, sparkling theorist detached from and incapable of all worldly considerations, and the tragedy is developed in the most cogent circumstances, those politely known as "reduced." The situation is acutely felt and acutely impressed, and the relations of the magnificent pauper with the world in general and his wife in particular are vivid and real. All that is wanting to make the book great is the spontaneity which I feel has been suppressed. Over-elaborate descriptions I could forgive as an amiable diversion, but it is a more serious flaw that the dialogue should be stilted. One conversation, as a result of which the chief speaker incurred suspicion of practical immorality, was so much edited that it was rendered and still remains (to me, at any rate) meaningless.

Mr. Blake of *The Bab Ballads* was, as no doubt you remember, a regular out-and-out hardened sinner, and

"quite indifferent as to the particular kinds of dresses That the clergyman wore at the church where he used to go to pray."

His latitudinarianism, however, obtained a measure of toleration from his biographer which is not extended to Horace Blake (HUTCHINSON) by Mrs. WILFRID WARD. That gentleman, a dramatist of unsurpassed genius, but a militant atheist and by all standards a thorough bad lot, is introduced to us when under sentence of death from an incurable disease, and at the zenith of his career as an iconoclastic but popular playwright. Leaving at home his wife, who worships his intellect though she understands his character, he goes to St. Jean des Pluies in Brittany with his daughter in order to take what must be his last holiday, and falls under the spell of the religion which had been his in childhood, so that he dies shriven and in the arms of the Church of Rome. He had previously given orders that the last act of his cleverest and most provocative play should be destroyed. From the beginning of the second part of the

book, which goes on to narrate the happy ending of the love affair between his daughter and the rather ingenuous young man who has been chosen to chronicle his life, my enthusiasm, I fear, gradually dwindled, since none of these people evoked in me sufficient interest to drive away the overshadowing memory of the dead man. This is perhaps what the authoress intended, and yet I cannot help feeling that a dead sinner, even though he is expiating his evilness in another world, does not make a wholly satisfactory character for romance. As with all books that I have read written by Roman Catholics the trail of the tract is everywhere clear in this one; but in fairness it must be added that, like nearly all novels that are the work of Roman Catholics, it is written exceedingly well.

It is an odd paradox that stories about real persons and events should always be harder to believe than those that are entirely imaginary. But the fact remains, and I was conscious of it just now when reading *The Rescue of Martha* (HUTCHINSON). Everybody knows what good rousing romances Mr. F. FRANKFORT MOORE can make up out of his own head. Here, however, he has gone to actual

happenings; the theme of the book is a reconstitution and an explanation of the shooting of MARTHA REAY by JAMES HACKMAN. It is a sufficiently sordid story; and the reader, who will rejoice to find Mr. MOORE again in that eighteenth-century period that he knows and handles so well, may be excused for wishing that he had chosen a more fragrant episode. Of its three chief personages indeed—Martha herself, the elderly Lord Sandwich, whose light o' love she was, and Hackman, who intrigued with her under the roof of her noble protector—there is none for

whom very much sympathy can be claimed. I am not sure that I didn't find my lord the best of the trio—he was at least free from cant. Still, such as it is, the story is told with an engaging bustle; and the eighteenth-century atmosphere is excellently preserved. The scenes move before one like a series of contemporary prints—more delicate in treatment than in subject. But, after all, this is only another way of praising Mr. MOORE's mastery of his medium, a task happily superfluous. So I will let it go at that.

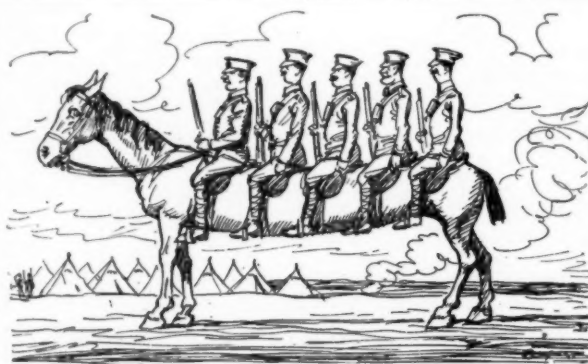
"Mr. Claude Grahame-White is now making a flight with a passenger," shouted the megaphone man as 'Claudie' banked gaily overhead with a rather stout young man wearing a monocle behind him. "We always wear ours in front."

"VIENNA, Thursday.

The King of Greece had intended to visit the Emperor on his way back to Greece, as his father used to do nearly every year. His Majesty was compelled, however, to accelerate his return to Athens, but he sent a telegram to the Emperor expressing his great regret at the fact that his intended visit could not take place.—*Reuter*.

[King Gustave V. was born in 1858, and ascended the throne of Sweden in 1907, in succession to his father, Oscar II. He married in 1881 Princess Victoria of Baden, and has by her three sons. The eldest, the heir to the throne, Gustaf Adolf, was born in 1882, and married in 1905 Princess Margaret of Connaught, by whom he has four children.]—*Daily News*.

"Good!" said the Editor. "I'm glad you've been able to get rid of that stuff about KING GUSTAVE at last."



HOW TO OVERCOME THE DIFFICULTY OF THE SHORTAGE OF HORSES IN THE ARMY.

A NEW BREED ON THE LINES OF THE DACHSHUND.